

DOLL MAN[®]

SPRING ISSUE
No. 12

Quarterly

10¢

NOT ANY
BIGGER,
BUT
BETTER!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN COMICS

THESE
TITLES 'ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH 60 PAGES
OF
ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT COMICS NATIONAL COMICS

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The DOLL MAN

WHO AM I?

PLEASE, CAN'T SOMEBODY
TELL ME WHO I AM? I'VE
LOST MY MEMORY! I DON'T
KNOW WHERE I LIVE OR
WHAT MY NAME IS.... I
ONLY KNOW THAT SOMEWHERE
A HORRIBLE CRIME IS BEING
COMMITTED AT THIS VERY
MOMENT! **THE DOLL
MAN** IS TRYING TO HELP
ME, BUT WHAT CAN
HE DO?

WHAT can **THE DOLL MAN** do?...
PLENTY! As Darrel Dane, fiancé of
Martha Roberts, he has access to
all circles of society! But when
ACTION calls ... the power of
thought compresses his atoms
to the tiny crime-fighter ...
THE DOLL MAN!

Darrel Dane is in a familiar jam....

HOLY SMOKE! QUARTER TO FIVE --- AND I PROMISED TO MEET MARTHA AT FOUR-THIRTY! SHE'LL SKIN ME ALIVE!



IF I --- WHAT TH...?

HELP! PLEASE! THEY'RE AFTER ME! PLEASE SAVE ME!



I GOT AWAY, BUT THEY'RE AFTER ME! PLEASE... OOOOHHH!

HEY...! WHAT A TIME TO FAINT!



OH, OH! SOMEBODY IS RUNNING THIS WAY --- AND IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE KIDDIES ROLLING HOOPS! THIS IS A JOB FOR THE DOLL MAN!

SHE WENT THROUGH THE HEDGE! WE GOTTA GET HER BEFORE SHE SPILLS EVERYTHING TO THE COPS!



The force of thought shrinks Darrel Dane to the tiny figure of the indomitable DOLL MAN!



THERE SHE IS, DINK --- OUT COLD! I'LL LET HER HAVE IT!

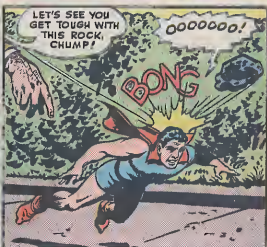
NOT WITH A GUN, YOU FOOL! USE A KNIFE! YOU WANNA HAVE ALL THE COPS IN TOWN ON OUR NECKS?

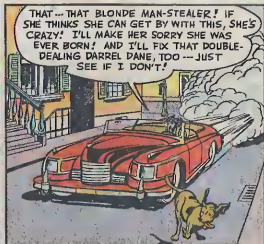
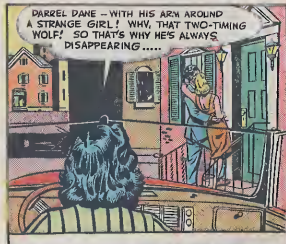


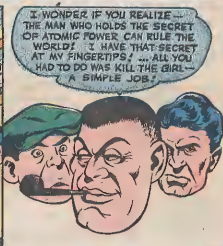
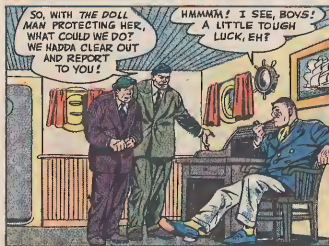
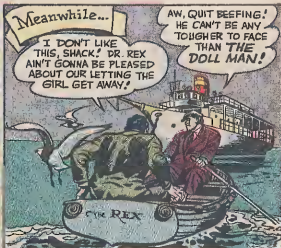
ONE JAB WITH THIS AND SHE'LL NEVER SQUEAL... HUH?

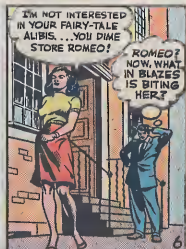
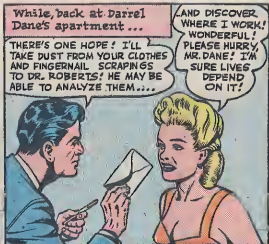
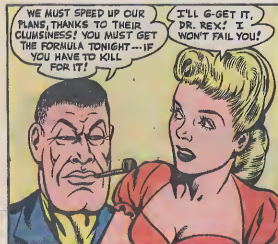
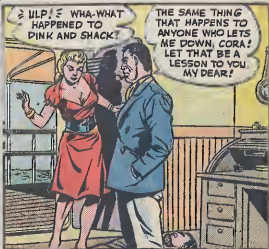
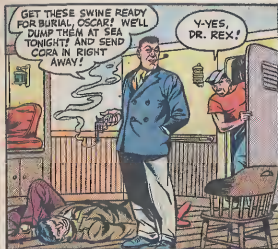
MAYBE NOT... BUT YOU WILL!

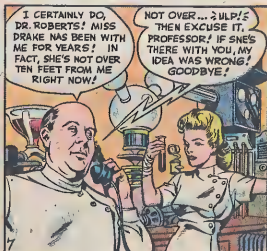
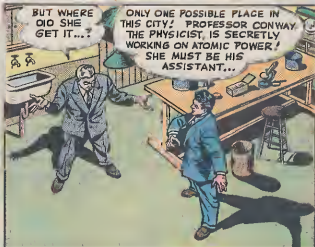
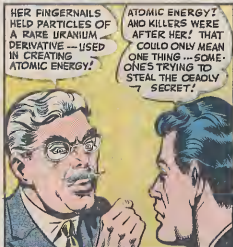
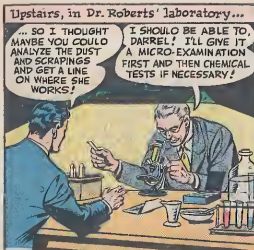


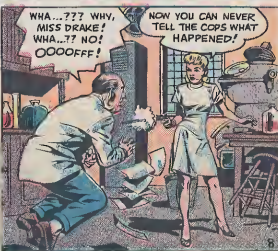
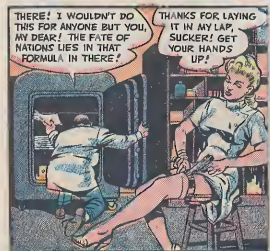
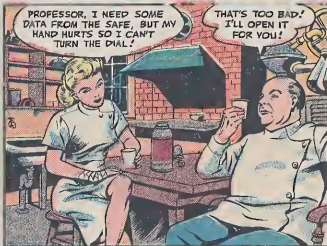
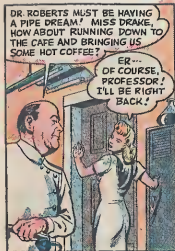


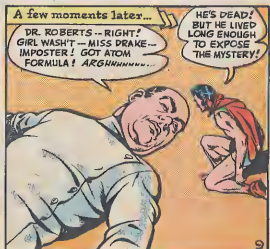
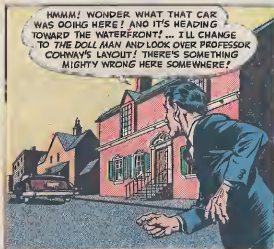
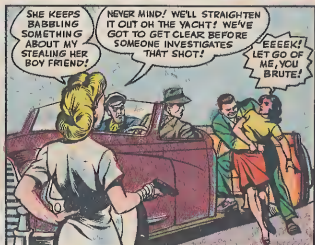
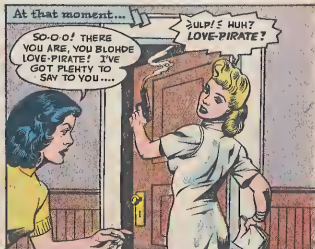
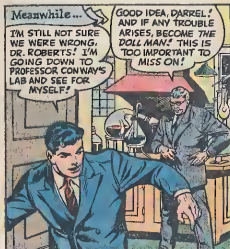


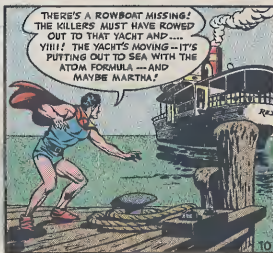
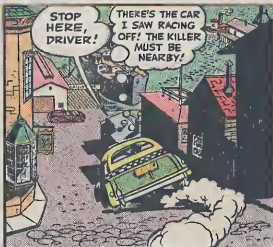
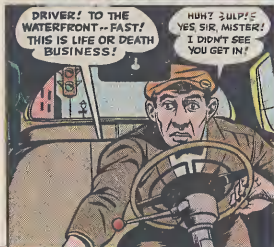


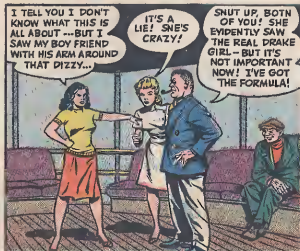
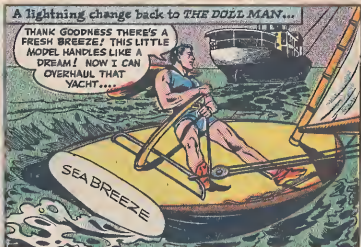
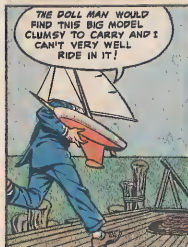


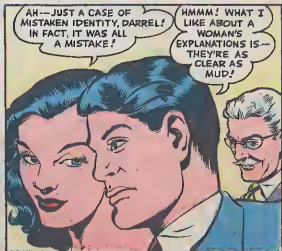
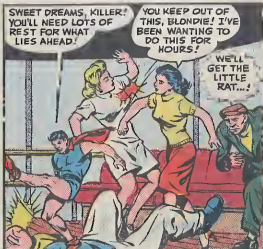








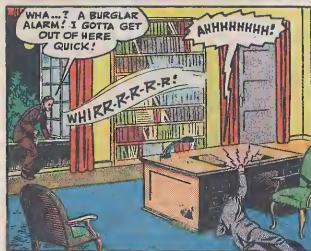


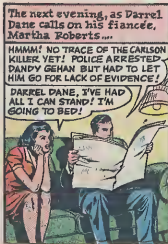
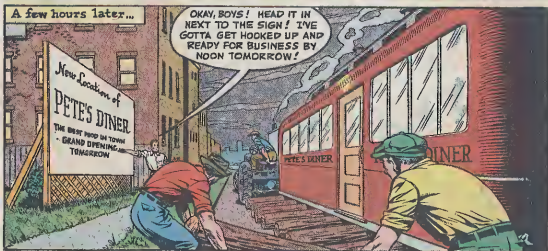


The **DOLL MAN**

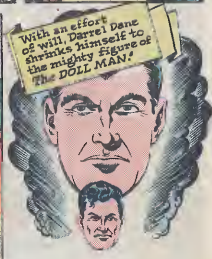
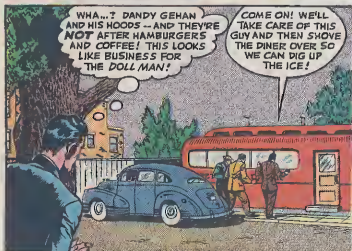
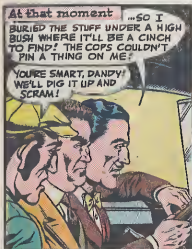


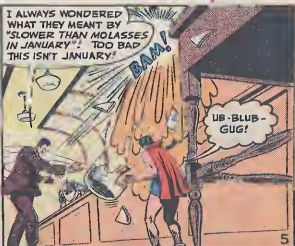
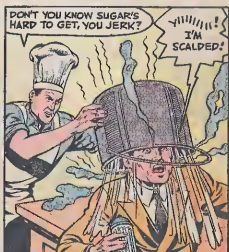
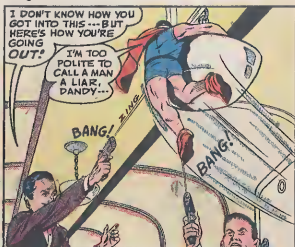
DOLL MAN QUARTERLY

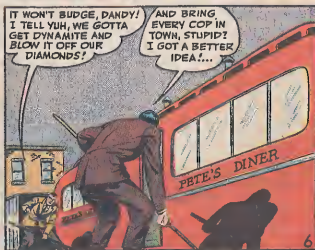
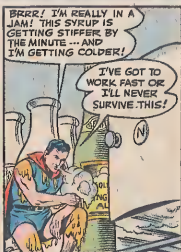
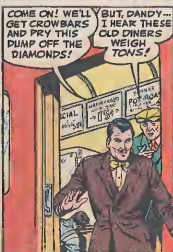
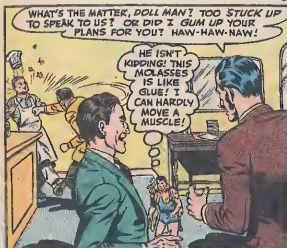




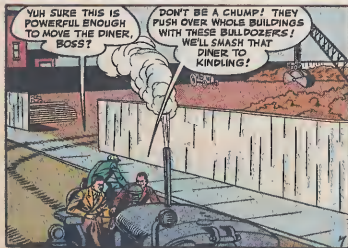
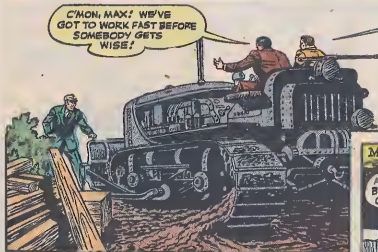
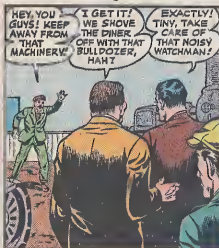
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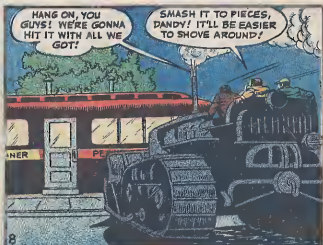
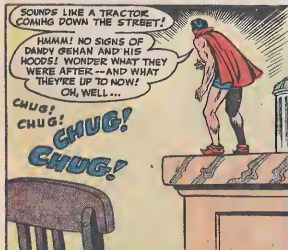
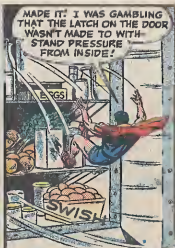


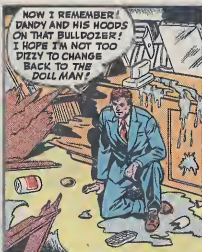
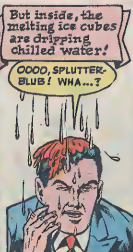
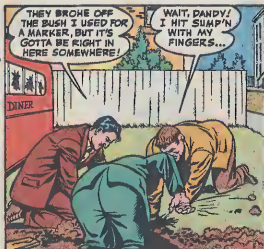
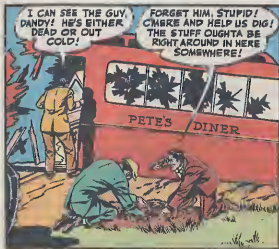


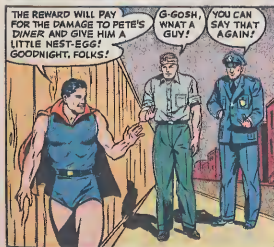
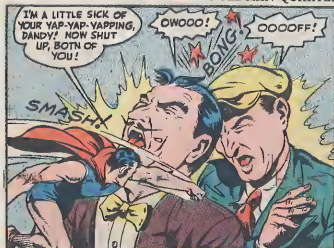


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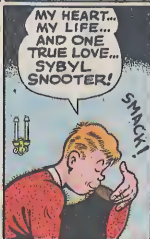
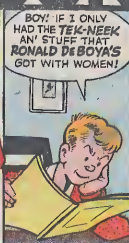








JONESY

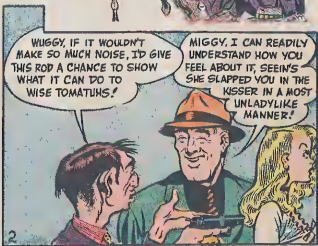
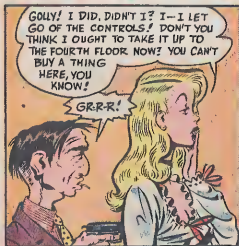
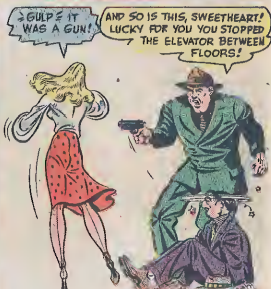
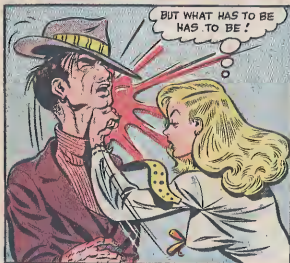


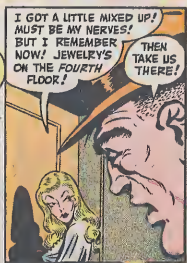
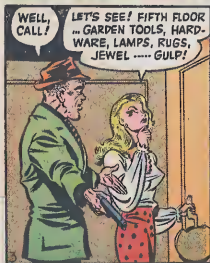
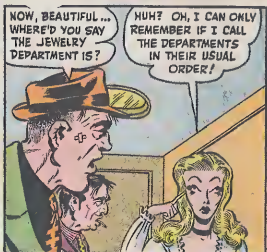
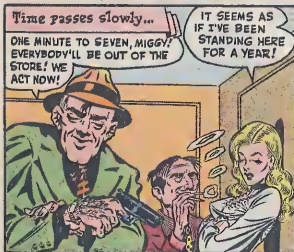
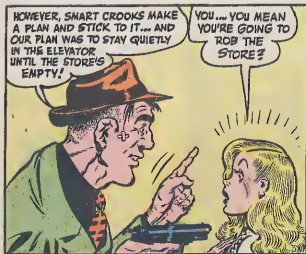
THIS IS THE
LIFE! EVERY
COMFORT AND
LUXURY AND
PLENTY OF
PRIVACY!

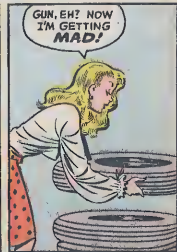
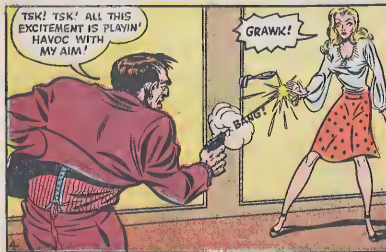
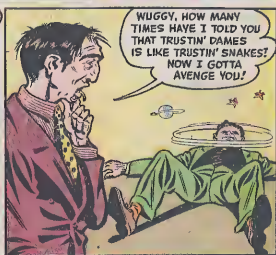


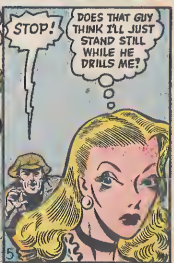
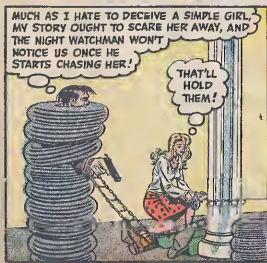
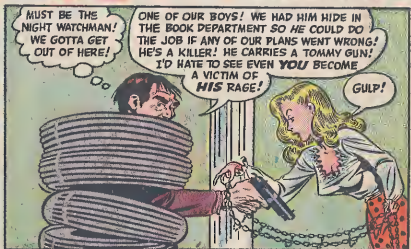
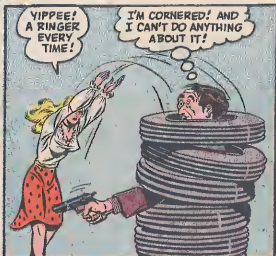
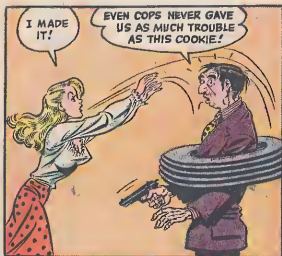
UP CAR!
GOING UP!

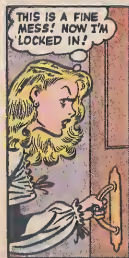
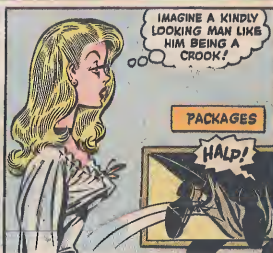
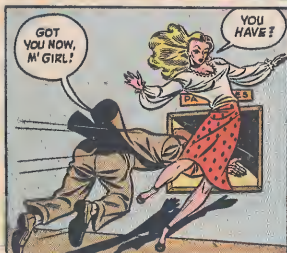
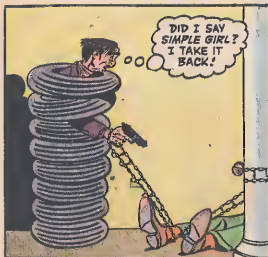


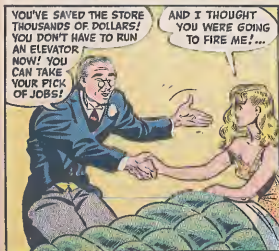
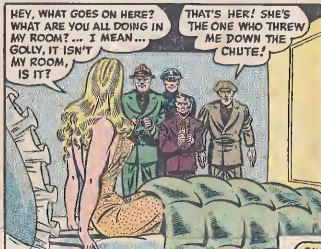
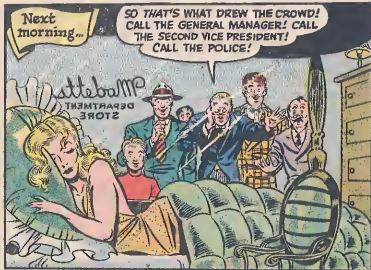












The VANISHING DEMON

HAPPY BENSON was full of ideas. He had been polluted with them all through school, to the sorrow of his chemistry teachers. On his first job with an industrial chemistry company he had still been full of ideas, odd ones quite often and quite often ideas of real merit.

It was on his second job—he was only seventeen—that he got the biggest idea of all, far eclipsing any of his others. When he told it to his superiors, they laughed. Happy didn't join them.

"What's the matter with it?" he wanted to know.

"Nothing, son," said Mr. Nicols, president of the chemistry firm. "It's a whale of an idea—but so what?"

"So what?" Happy looked at Mr. Nicols as if he was seeing him for the first time. "You want rubber. I propose to get it for you."

Nicols grinned. "Like that, huh? Well, lad, I like your spunk. You'll go places yet. But did you know that we've been trying to get that rubber in Brazil for the last fifteen years?"

Happy nodded. "So I've heard. The reason you didn't is you went about it wrong."

Nicols' eyebrows raised a hitch. "Hmm," he said. "Then you think our field men are not so hot, eh? Listen, Happy, some of those men have been with us twenty years; they're experienced. The way I see it—and it's pretty logical—if they can't get that rubber, neither can a raw, inexperienced boy." He turned to some work that lay on his desk.

Happy wasn't satisfied. He looked at the boss for a full minute. Then he got up. He started to leave, but Nicols called him.

"Just what is this idea, boy?" he asked in a more-gentle voice. "Magic?"

Happy grinned. "You might think so. It would seem to be magic to those savages down there. And if something seems like magic to them, then we can go ahead and get that rubber. I'll tell you."

For the next fifteen minutes Happy talked. He outlined the most fantastic—to Nicols—idea that worthy gentleman had ever heard. But when the youth had finished, he just sat there pondering. At last he came alive. He grinned, and reached for his desk phone.

"Okay, Happy. I'm going to give it a whirl. What will you need on that trip?"

Happy leaped up, eyes alight. "Then you mean—you really will let me go down there and try?"

Nicols was nodding as he got his party on the phone. What he did was arrange transportation for one Happy Benson and party, with full complement, on the next ship sailing south out of New Orleans.

"There," he said as he hung up. "You're practically on your way, boy! You leave day after tomorrow on the *John Higgins*. You'll take Jim Neil and Clayton with you—and whatever you need for the experiment."

Happy was too overcome with gratitude to get out more than mumbled noises. Then he rushed from the Great One's presence and began preparations for his trip.

Three weeks later the little party of three white men and native carriers was plodding through one of the toughest tangles of jungles in all the world. The Matte Grasso of Brazil is that—and that is putting it mildly. No harder nor more dangerous going is to be found on any hemisphere. Snakes. Deadly swamps. Fever. Treacherous natives with poisonous blow guns. But Happy Benson loved every minute of it.

They reached their destination after two more weeks of plodding. Clayton's eyes were swollen shut from mosquito bites. He was grumbling. Why had he been prevailed upon to take this crazy trek? The kid was nuts. The natives wouldn't let them into the territory, much less try to take out the rubber.

Happy didn't let it worry him. The only thing he worried about was how the carriers toted a long, slender contraption, and several boxes and crates that went with it. That was his secret. That would make the natives see the light.

They set up camp in a nice clearing, but the heavy jungle marched down all around it. Brooding. Ugly. They had been fortunate to see no natives so far. But Clayton, who had been in Brazil several times before, knew this state of affairs couldn't last. Those natives were crafty chaps. They were probably waiting till the camp was all good and ready, and then they'd pounce on them and murder them in their beds. Cots, rather.

After the camp was ready, the three men took stock of themselves and equipment. The carriers they had paid off with the understand-

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY

ing that they were to return in two months. They had been paid well, so it was an even chance that they'd come back.

It took only half an eye to see that this was a rubber paradise. Millions of dollars worth. Why hadn't it been tapped before? Easy. The natives in this part of the Matte Grasso were vicious and would allow no one to bother them.

But Happy's party had got in!

It was later on that they found out why it had been so easy to make camp right in the heart of the natives' hunting grounds. The savages had been far down-river on a great pow-wow. And by the time they returned, Happy hoped to have his secret working.

It was a four days' grind to get the thing set up that he hoped to frighten the natives out of their wits with. It was at the best nothing so frightening in appearance. A tall, shiny steel spike, with the ugly head of a demon on its top. Inside its hollow head was a light, which showed through the red glass eyes, the gaping mouth. At night the thing was grotesque, especially when it was revolved slowly by the mechanism Happy had rigged up. How would the savages take to it?

They were awakened one midnight by frightful yells all around them. Their campfire had died down to a few coals. The jungle was still but for the shouts. All three men piled out of their cots, grabbed up rifles. They were prepared to take several natives with them if it worked out that way.

"Wait," said Happy, crouching in his hut. "Let 'em creep up close, then I'll turn it on."

The natives crept close without making much noise. But the men knew they were out there, making up their minds what to do. Suddenly with a blood-thirsty scream, their leader leaped into the clearing. Quickly many other followed. Happy pressed the button controlling the device. The pale head of the gargoyle lit up and began slowly to revolve.

With wild screams the natives got out of

there fast. The three men could hear them crashing through the underbrush for several minutes.

Happy chuckled, "It worked!"

Clayton grumbled, "It worked this time. But for how long? How about daylight, when they see what it is?"

Happy had an ace up his sleeve he hadn't let the other boys in on. He kept still. He'd wait.

It was late afternoon of the next day when the headhunters returned. This time they brought with them several hundred of their people. They came up to the camp carefully, ready for flight. The men waited, their nerves taut. Happy's scheme might not be effective. If it wasn't—Nicols wouldn't have his rubber and three families back in the States would mourn kinfolk.

Then from all sides of the clearing, savages came into view. They stood silent a moment, then began a slow creep forward. Every eye was fastened on the slender steel spike with its ugly demon's head. Happy allowed them to get within ten feet of it, then he turned on the mechanism.

A low humming was heard. The humming grew louder. Gradually the slender steel column began to grow misty in the vision. The humming was a thin screaming sound now. The steel paled, grew dimmer. Then it vanished altogether. Happy made an adjustment. The humming slowed down. Slowly the steel column took form. Ghostly form at first, then more solidity.

The natives, for several minutes rooted to their places, burst into wild screams and with great bounds were gone.

"It worked!" Clayton cried. "Happy, I believe you've done it. Now all we need to do is get a gang working. Those natives will keep their distance from that darn thing. Good gosh, who'd ever thought that vibratin' a steel spike could scare headhunters?"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF DOLL MAN, published quarterly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1946

State of Connecticut) ss.
County of Fairfield)

Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the DOLL MAN and that the following is, to the best of his personal belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc. of the aforesaid publication for the data shown in the annexed caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912 as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 237, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Owen M. Hansen, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Nann, Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Louis J. Kurlansky, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

Clara C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Henry F. Martin, Jr., 8 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (if there are none, so state it) None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also its lists as far as the stockholders or security holders appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the names of the persons or corporations for whom such lists are being, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing advance full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which all stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other persons, associations, or corporations are, in any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as he stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher

Sworn in and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1946
LOUIS J. KURLANSKY, Notary Public. (Commission expires April 3, 1949.)

THE DOLL MAN



You can't fence out *The DOLL MAN....*

That's what **TWO-TIME TOMLIN**, who brought a brilliant brain to the profession of crime, learned!

He fooled the lawyers, the police, the city officials ----

Everybody but **The DOLL MAN!**

Darrel Dane and Martha Roberts attend the Saturday auction of a priceless shipment of antiques....

THERE'S WHAT I WISH I COULD AFFORD, DARREL...THAT BEAUTIFUL OLD TIMEPIECE!

A SENSATIONAL ITEM IN THIS SALE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN --- THIS UNIQUE GOLD WATCH --- SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON!

AUCTION TO

SOLID GOLD --- SET WITH PRECIOUS JEWELS --- A TRIUMPH OF ART AND CRAFTSMANSHIP AND A HISTORICAL PRIZE! WHAT AM I BID?

\$2,000!

\$2,500!

\$2,600---

ONLY \$2,600 FOR THIS ART TREASURE? IT WAS GIVEN BY THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE TO HER FAMED HUSBAND! BY THIS WATCH HE TIMED THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO!

I BID TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

TEN THOUSAND--- THAT LETS ME OUT ---AND EVERYONE ELSE HERE!

TEN THOUSAND ONCE---TEN THOUSAND TWICE --- AND SOLD TO THE APPRECIATIVE GENTLEMAN IN THE SHARP SUIT! A BARGAIN, SIR!

A CHECK? --- BUT OUR TERMS ARE REALLY CASH ---

I'D HARDLY CARRY TEN GRAND WITH ME! CALL THE CASHIER OF THE NINTH NATIONAL BANK ---ASK IF T. T. TOMLIN'S CHECK ISN'T GOOD FOR THAT MUCH!

I HAVE NINTH NATIONAL CASHIER ON THE WIRE! HE OKAYS ANY CHECK T. T. TOMLIN MIGHT WRITE!

THEN HERE IT IS, AND GIMME THE WATCH! I GOT PLACES TO GO WITH IT!

HMMM... EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, MARTHA!

T. T. TOMLIN --- IF THAT'S WHO HE IS---SEEMED STRANGELY IN A HURRY! MAYBE THE DOLL MAN SHOULD TAG HIM ALONG!

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY

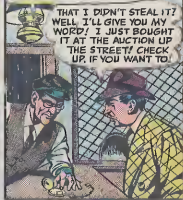
Seeking a quiet nook, Darrel Dane exerts his mighty power of will to become the mighty **DOLL MAN!**



OUR FRIEND T. T. TOMLIN'S HEADING FOR A PAWN SHOP!



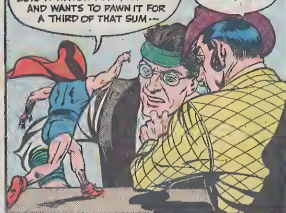
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME THAT THIS IS A SLENDID PIECE OF WATCHMAKING! I'D GLADLY ADVANCE THREE THOUSAND ON IT IF I COULD BE SURE ---



THAT I DIDN'T STEAL IT! WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU MY WORD! I JUST BOUGHT IT AT THE AUCTION UP THE STREET! CHECK UP, IF YOU WANT TO!

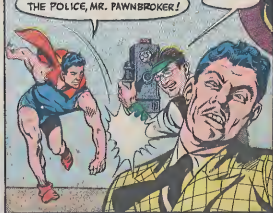
I THINK WE'D BETTER CHECK UP, SIR! ANYONE WHO BUYS A WATCH FOR \$10,000 AND WANTS TO PAWN IT FOR A THIRD OF THAT SUM ---

WHO'S THIS LITTLE PIPSQUEAK?



SORRY --- BUT HE'D HAVE DONE AS MUCH TO ME IF I HADN'T BEAT HIM TO IT! CALL THE POLICE, MR. PAWNBROKER!

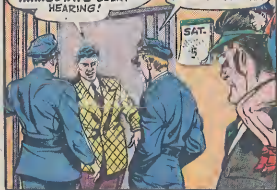
JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO!



A short time later ...

BUT MY CHECK AT THE AUCTION WAS GOOD! CALL THE BANK --- I DEMAND AN IMMEDIATE COURT HEARING!

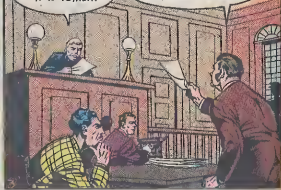
BANKS CLOSED AT NOON --- DITTO THE COURTS! IF YOU CAN'T MAKE BAIL, YOU WAIT RIGHT HERE TILL MONDAY MORNING!

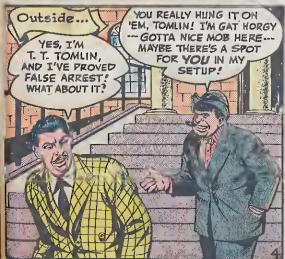
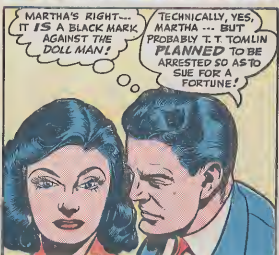
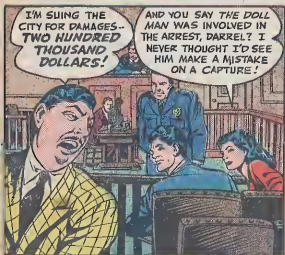
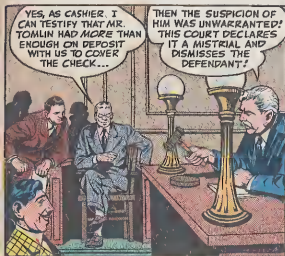


Monday ... court convenes ...

IN THE MATTER OF THE PEOPLE VERSUS T. T. TOMLIN ---

I'M MR. TOMLIN'S LAWYER! MY FIRST WITNESS IS THE CASHIER OF THE NINTH NATIONAL BANK!

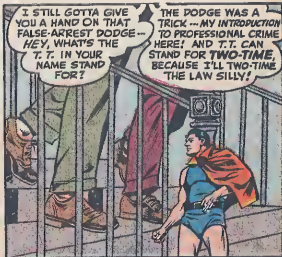






HARD, YOU SAY? I MEAN TO MAKE IT **EASY!** SUPPOSE WE HAVE A TALK, ANYHOW!

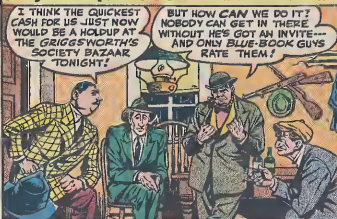
OKAY, WE'LL TALK! C'MON AND MEET THE BOYS... BUT DON'T LET NOBODY FIND OUT!



I STILL GOTTA GIVE YOU A HAND ON THAT FALSE-ARREST DODGE... HEY, WHAT'S THE T. T. IN YOUR NAME STAND FOR?

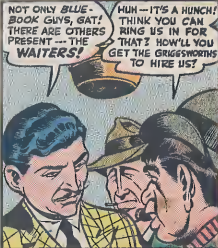
THE DODGE WAS A TRICK -- MY INTRODUCTION TO PROFESSIONAL CRIME HERE! AND T.T. CAN STAND FOR **TWO-TIME**, BECAUSE I'LL TWO-TIME THE LAW SILLY!

At the meeting of the gang, *Two-Time's* manner and plans impress the seasoned criminals....



I THINK THE QUICKEST CASH FOR US JUST NOW WOULD BE A HOLDUP AT THE GRIGGSWORTH'S SOCIETY BAZAAR TONIGHT!

BUT HOW CAN WE DO IT? NOBODY CAN GET IN THERE WITHOUT HE'S GOT AN INVITE--- AND ONLY BLUE-BOOK GUYS RATE THEM!



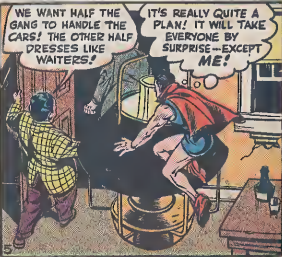
NOT ONLY BLUE-BOOK GUYS, GAT! THERE ARE OTHERS PRESENT --- THE **WAITERS!**

HUH -- IT'S A HUNCH! THINK YOU CAN RING US IN FOR THAT? HOW'LL YOU GET THE GRIGGSWORTHS TO HIRE US?



THAT'S NOT NECESSARY! I KNOW WHEN THE WAITERS ARRIVE AND WHERE! WE'LL JUST MEET THEM AND TAKE THEIR PLACES!

TWO-TIME, YOU'RE A **GENIUS!** LOOK, TAKE CHARGE! BOYS, CALL THIS GUY YOUR **NEW BOSS!**



WE WANT HALF THE GANG TO HANDLE THE CARS! THE OTHER HALF DRESSES LIKE **WAITERS!**

IT'S REALLY QUITE A PLAN! IT WILL TAKE EVERYONE BY **SURPRISE--EXCEPT ME!**

The society bazaar of the Griggsworths, where money is raised for charity...

DR. ROBERTS! AND YOUR LOVELY DAUGHTER! BUT, MARTHA, WHERE IS THAT HANDSOME FIANCE OF YOURS?

DARREL DANE? HE HOPES TO DROP IN LATER!



CAREFUL WITH THE REFRESHMENTS! TAKE 'EM IN AT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE...

HERE'S WHERE WE TAKE OVER! COVER THEM!



BUT YOU CAN'T FORCE US TO LEAVE! WE WERE HIRED FOR THE BAZAAR---

WE'LL DO YOUR WORK FOR YOU! INTO THE CARS WITH THEM -- TAKE THEM INTO THE COUNTRY AND LET THEM WALK HOME! THE REST OF YOU, GET INTO THESE MONKEY SUITS AND GET INSIDE!



GOOD---I LOST AGAIN! ANOTHER PACKET OF MY MONEY GOES TO CHARITY!

DON'T DO WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND, GAT! WAITERS DON'T JOIN IN THE FUN!



YOU CLUMSY FOOL!

TWO-TIME'S SPILLING THE GROG -- THAT'S THE SIGNAL!

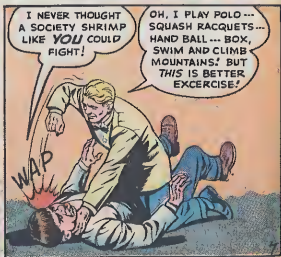
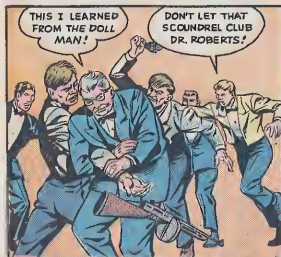
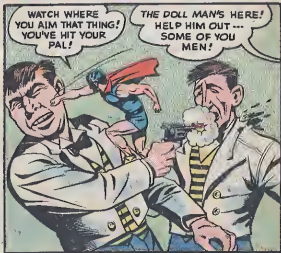
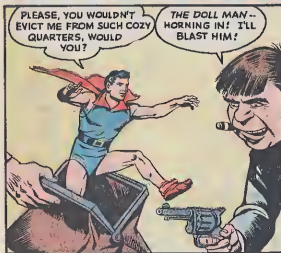
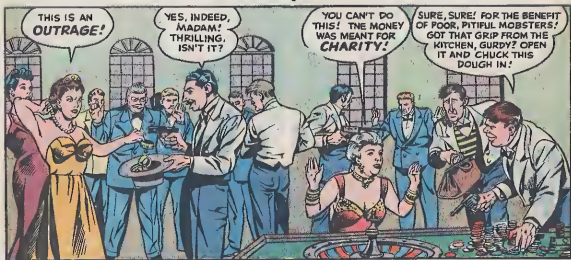


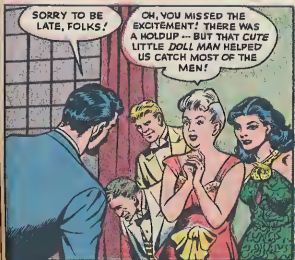
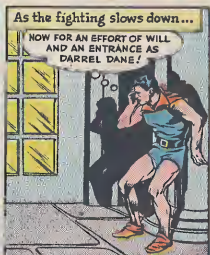
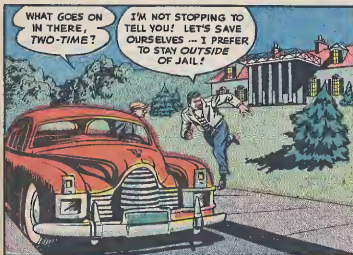
OKAY, YOU SOCIETY SIMPS! REACH FOR THE SKY -- THIS IS A STICKUP!

DAMES TO THE RIGHT-- GUYS TO THE LEFT! AND QUICK OR WE START MAKIN' WITH THE AMMUNITION!

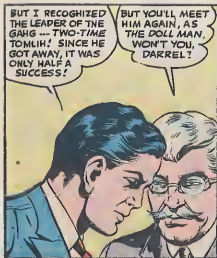


DOLL MAN QUARTERLY





DOLL MAN QUARTERLY



BUT I RECOGNIZED THE LEADER OF THE GAHNG --- TWO-TIME TOMLIN! SINCE HE GOT AWAY, IT WAS ONLY HALF A SUCCESS!

BUT YOU'LL MEET HIM AGAIN, AS THE DOLL MAN. WON'T YOU, DARREL?

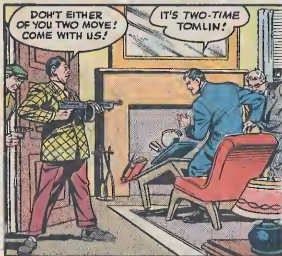


WE WERE CHUMPED BY THAT SMART LITTLE RUNT, THE DOLL MAN! NOW I'M GOING TO DEAL WITH HIM PERSONALLY! HOW CAN WE FIND HIM?

I'VE HEARD THAT DR. ROBERTS HIS DAUGHTER MARTHA, AND HER SWEETIE, DARREL DAHE, ARE GOOD FRIENDS OF THE DOLL MAN!



OKAY! HEAD FOR THE ROBERTS PLACE! WE'LL GET THEM ALL!



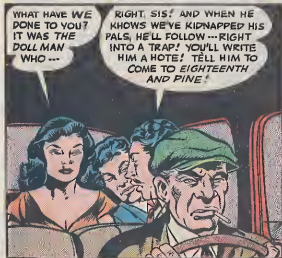
DON'T EITHER OF YOU TWO MOVE! COME WITH US!

IT'S TWO-TIME TOMLIN!



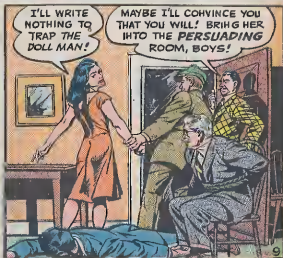
SHUT UP, YOU! TIE 'EM HAND AND FOOT, BOYS!

YOU COME TOO, BABY!



WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO YOU? IT WAS THE DOLL MAN WHO ---

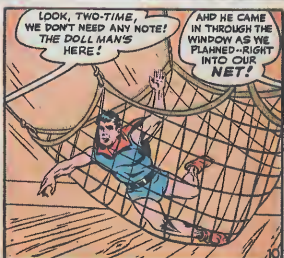
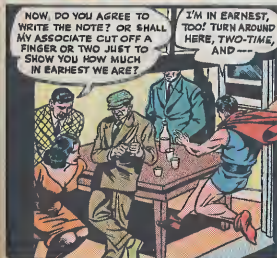
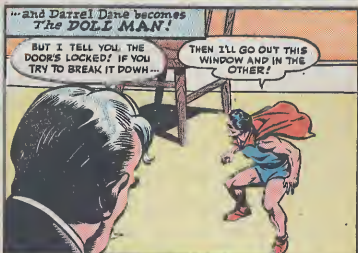
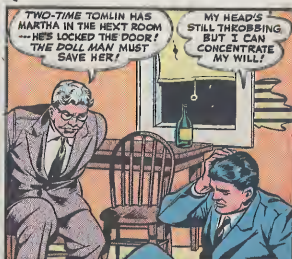
RIGHT, SIS! AND WHEN HE KNOWS WE'VE KIDNAPPED HIS PALS, HE'LL FOLLOW --- RIGHT INTO A TRAP! YOU'LL WRITE HIM A HOTE! TELL HIM TO COME TO EIGHTEENTH AND PINE!

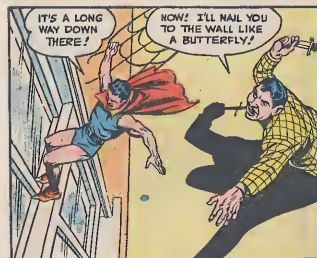
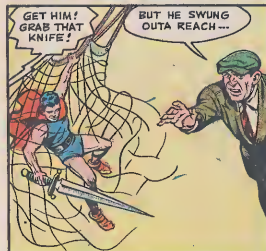
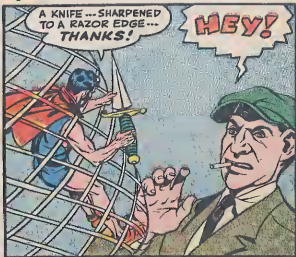


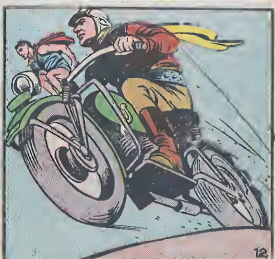
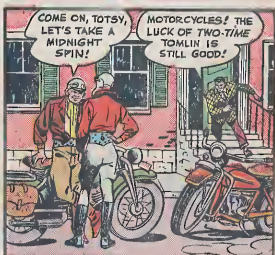
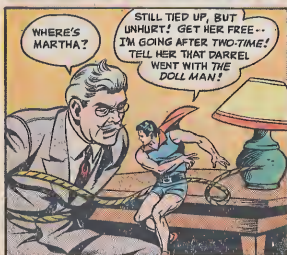
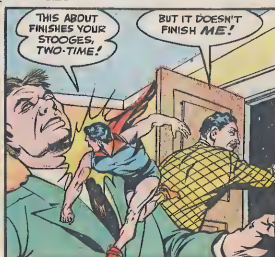
I'LL WRITE NOTHING TO TRAP THE DOLL MAN!

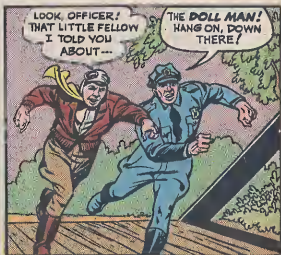
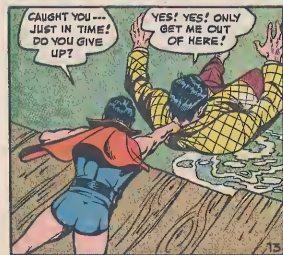
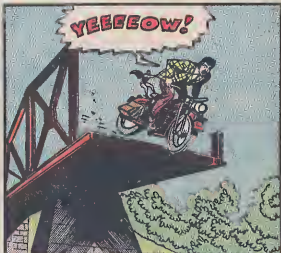
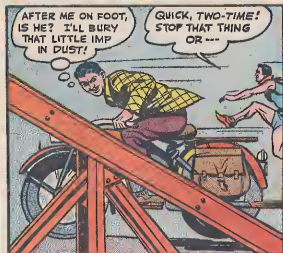
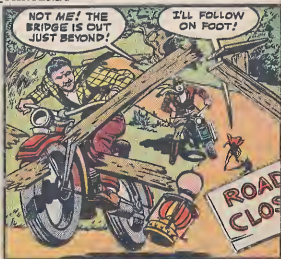
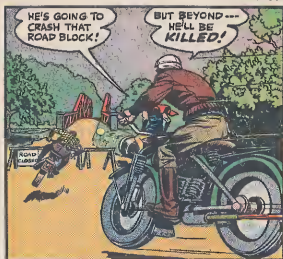
MAYBE I'LL COVINCE YOU THAT YOU WILL! BRING HER INTO THE PERSUADING ROOM, BOYS!

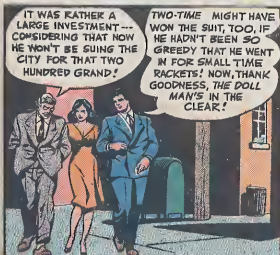
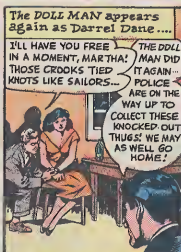
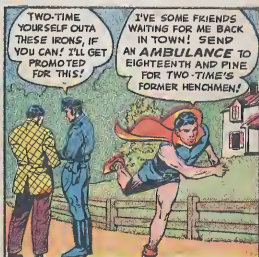
DOLL MAN QUARTERLY







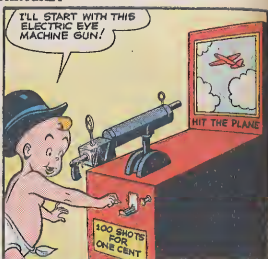
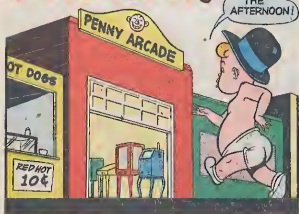




POISON IVY

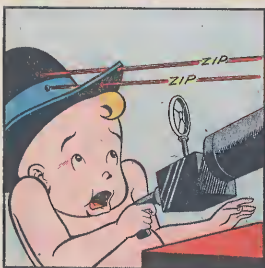
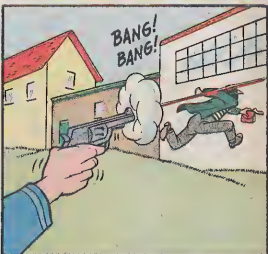
AH! A GOOD WAY TO SPEND THE AFTERNOON!

I'LL START WITH THIS ELECTRIC EYE MACHINE GUN!



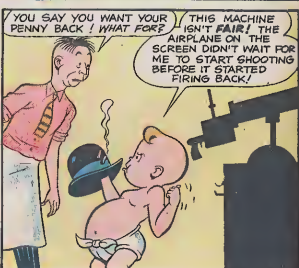
MEANWHILE, IN BACK OF THE ARCADE..

HALT, YA THIEF, OR I'LL FIRE! HALT!



YOU SAY YOU WANT YOUR PENNY BACK! WHAT FOR?

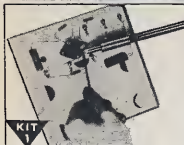
THIS MACHINE ISN'T FAIR! THE AIRPLANE ON THE SCREEN DIDN'T WAIT FOR ME TO START SHOOTING BEFORE IT STARTED FIRING BACK!





I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

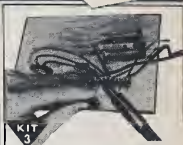
**I Send You
Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



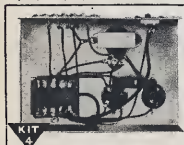
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



Early in my Course I show you how to build the N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO—Win Success I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

APPROVED
for training
under
G.I. BILL

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while

still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

Find Out What NRI Can Do For You
Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained, see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal

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with Carrying Case

16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



DRESSER SET

FULL SIZE Comb,

Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order, of American seeds

PEN & PENCIL SET



A really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order.

STURDY AXE,



Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order of seeds



COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET

Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order of American seeds



SWEETHEART DOLL

"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order of American seeds



WRIST WATCH

A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, of American seeds, plus \$1.50 extra

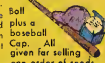


OFFICIAL SOFTBALL SET



Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell only one order. (Quantity limited.)

Boys! Here's a swell outfit for you. Regulation size Bat and



Ball plus a baseball Cap. All given for selling one order of seeds.



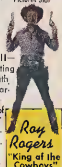
A big, husky HUNTING KNIFE, with Leather Sheath. Has serrated edge, bottle opener.

Famous "Flying Ace" Ball Bearing Roller Skates for Boys and Girls. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.

ROY ROGERS GUN WITH HOLSTER SET AND 12 FOOT ROPE LARIAT



Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of ROY ROGERS' own Gun, with clicking hammer and twirling cylinder. Fires roll caps. Sell one order of seeds, plus, \$1.50 extra.



Ray Rogers "King of the Cowboys"

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10¢ per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for Big prize book and seeds. SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU

No goods sent outside U. S. A.

American Seed Co., Inc. Dept. 420, Lancaster, Pa.

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ALARM CLOCK
POCKET WATCH
ARCHERY SET

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29th YEAR